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which will make our meaning clearer. In the British Constitution the Prime Minister cannot make a peer, nor can he appoint a judge, or a secretary of state, &c.; all he can do is to *recommend* to the Queen the persons whom he thinks fitted for those offices, and ask her to appoint them. Such, at least, is the theory. But in practice every one knows that the real power of appointment to vacant offices rests with the minister of the day; that the Queen often has no choice but to appoint the person named by him; and that any one looking for promotion to a high office would find it a more effectual way of gaining his object to make himself useful to the minister than to gain the Queen's personal favour. Now, the Roman Catholic theory is, that the Virgin Mary has no more power to do anything for us than Lord Palmerston has to give away a vacant ribbon of the Garter. But in practice, one who enlists the Virgin on his side is as sure of gaining his request as a nobleman who has got the promise of the Ribbon from the minister is sure of obtaining it. Not only so, but prayer through the Virgin is represented as a *more* effectual way of gaining our desires than a direct address to God. We need only refer to the well-known story told by St. Ligouri, of brother Leo's vision of the two ladders, "one of them was red; at its summit stood Jesus Christ; the other was white; at its top he saw the Virgin Mary. He saw that some who twice attempted to ascend the red ladder fell back. They were then exhorted to ascend the white ladder. The Blessed Virgin stretched out her hand to them, and they securely ascended to Paradise." These are the practical consequences to which the theory of saintly intercession has been pushed in the Roman Catholic Church, and these we reject as unscriptural, or rather as anti-scriptural.

Mr. Power says that his Church teaches that the saints are infinitely below God. Very possibly; but if she also teaches that the saints are immeasurably above us, the danger is as great of their practically shutting out God from the minds of the people. A low mountain that is near will shut out the view of a higher one farther off.

Does Mr. Power suppose that the ancient heathens thought all their gods to possess equal power? Let him read the description given by Homer (Book viii.) of the infinite superiority of Jupiter to the other gods. But yet, because these other gods were supposed to possess power far beyond that of man, they were honoured and worshipped not the less, in spite of this belief in their inferiority to Jupiter.

Mr. Power speaks of the Virgin and the saints as doing no more than "joining their requests with ours." A singular kind of partnership this, where all the contributions of any value are made by one side. A beggar might as well ask Baron Rothschild to enter into partnership with him, and then say that he had not asked the baron to give him anything, but only to join his wealth to his.

Mr. Power accuses us of mutilating the Roman Catholic prayers which we quoted, by leaving out the words, "pray for me." We omitted these words because we did not find them. We quoted these prayers to show that while the theory is that every prayer to a saint is a request to that saint to pray for us, in practice we find those prayers containing direct requests to the saints to grant us blessings; while these words, "pray for us," are not expressed, but left to be understood by those who may think of it.

Mr. Power meets with a denial our statement that "Roman Catholics make vows to saints; that the Eucharist is offered to their honour; special months and days of the week dedicated to them; alms-giving and other works of religion done to please them;" and says that these statements are perfectly gratuitous and unfounded, save in our own imaginations. Mr. Power must count very much on the ignorance of the Protestant readers of the LAYMAN, and yet in Ireland there are few Protestants who do not know so much of Roman Catholic practices as to be aware that the month of May, among the months, and Saturday among the days of the week, is dedicated to the Virgin Mary; while a little further acquaintance with Roman Catholics would convince them of the perfect truth of the rest of our statement. It was quite open to Mr. Power to defend those practices, but that he should venture to deny them, trusting, we suppose, to some future mode of explaining away his denial, was a piece of equivocation which we did not expect from Mr. Power.

We come next to Origen. Mr. Power, assuming that he has proved Origen to be on his side, desires us to tell our Protestant readers that they may, without fear of superstition, use invocation of saints, because Origen did the same. We have a double answer to this. Origen did not use invocation of saints; and if he had done so, it would have been nothing to us.

In discussing the sentiments of Origen, or any other father, Protestants have everything to gain and nothing to lose. They reject invocation of saints, not because Origen did not use it, but because they do not find it in the Bible. The Scriptures everywhere speak of Jesus as the only Mediator of the New Dispensation, and they nowhere contain a precept, nor an example, nor the slightest encouragement of any kind to address our prayers to God through any channel but through Him. This we regard as decisive. After this any examination into the sentiments of Origen has for Protestants only a historical interest. It may be interesting to inquire whether the superstitious invocation of saints had crept into the Church in his time

or not. If it had it would not make a practice lawful which Scripture condemns. But if it should appear that the Church in Origen's day knew nothing whatever of such a practice, then the Roman Catholic advocate is driven out of his last stronghold, and is proved to be unable to supply by tradition the failure of Scripture proof.

Now, as to the opinions of Origen there can really be no doubt whatever. Any one who has read his treatise against Celsus must feel it to be a matter beyond all controversy that Origen disapproved of addressing petitions of any kind to any but Almighty God, and that he disapproved of the use of any intercession or mediation in approaching God, save that of Jesus Christ.

"We must pray to GOD ALONE, who is over all things, and we must pray, also, to the only begotten Word of God, the first born of every creature; and first coming to Him, we must implore Him, as our High Priest, to bear our prayers to His Father and our Father, to His God and our God.—Cont. Celsus, lib. viii., vol. i., p. 761. Every request, and prayer, and supplication, and thanksgiving must be sent up to Him who is God over all, through the High Priest who is above all angels, even the living Word of God. And we also make our requests to the Word, and supplicate Him, and, moreover, offer our prayer to Him. For it is not reasonable for us to call upon angels, &c.—Cont. Celsus, lib. v., vol. i., p. 579. (See the passage quoted in full, CATHOLIC LAYMAN, vol. v., p. .)

Origen repeatedly says that the help of the angels is to be obtained by asking God for it; he says that the angels all help those who love God, *without being asked*; and we are glad to quote in full a passage to which we alluded, from memory, last month, in which Origen illustrates the way in which their help may be obtained:—

"For not in vain do the angels of God ascend and descend upon the Son of man; conspicuous by their eyes illuminated with the light of knowledge, even during the very time of prayer reminded by him who supplicates of what things he who prays stands in need, they effect what they are able, as having received a general commission. But we must use some such similitude as this, in this matter, in order to show forth what is meant by us. Suppose that there stand by one who, labouring under ill health, is praying diligently, an upright physician who knows in what way to treat the illness regarding which that man offers up his prayer, it is manifest that he will be moved to cure him who prays, probably, not without cause, surmising that this is also the design of God, who has hearkened to the prayer of the suppliant for the removal of the sickness. Or, suppose one of those who possess in abundance the necessities of life should hear the prayer of a poor man who puts up his supplication to God even for the necessities (of life), it is evident that this man also will accomplish for the poor man the object of his prayer, becoming the minister of the will of the Father who brought to the same spot at the time of that prayer one who was able to minister to the suppliant, and who, on account of the readiness of his disposition, is unable to overlook the man who stands in need of such things. Wherefore, as these things when they happen are not to be thought to happen by chance, He who has numbered all the hairs of the head of the saints, bringing harmoniously to the spot at the time of that prayer one who will be to the suppliant the minister of his beneficence, attentively listening to him who prays with faith, so are we to account that at times the presence of the angels, who are overseeing and ministering to God, is brought about for such an one who is praying, that they may conspire with him for those things which the suppliant has been deemed worthy of (or has prayed for).—De Oratione, vol. i., p. 214.

This passage shows clearly that Origen had no idea of obtaining the help of angels by direct prayers to them, but by prayer to God, which they, in His providence, overhearing, might know that it was His will that they should bear assistance. It shows, also, that he did not interpret the statement that "there is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth," as if every angel knew everything that happened on earth, or were able to hear petitions offered in all places, since it is clear, from the above, that only those angels who were present at the place of prayer were supposed by Origen to be capable of hearing the prayer.

The following quotation will show how far Origen was from venturing to assert that departed saints are employed, as well as angels, in ministering to men on earth:—

"But now, whether the saints who are removed from the body, and are with Christ, act at all and labour for us, like the angels who minister to our salvation, or whether, again, the wicked removed from the body act at all according to the purpose of their own mind, like the bad angels with whom, it is said by Christ, that they will be sent into eternal fires, let this, too, be considered among the secret things of God—mysteries, not to be committed to writing."

Mr. Power asks us, "How any one can say by a rhetorical apostrophe, Come, O angel, and instruct me, or holy saint pray for me." Will Mr. Power be pleased to show us where Origen has said, Come, O angel, and instruct me, or holy saint pray for me? If he had said so, we should have acknowledged these to be prayers. A prayer is an address to some definite person in behalf of some definite person. In the words, Come, angel, and instruct one that is wandering in error, no one can say who is prayed to, or who is prayed for. This is not a

prayer to an angel, but a rhetorical exhortation to him to glorify God by performing the work assigned to him by God. The Church of England might as well be accused of using prayers to the saints, because she retains in her service the words "Oh, ye spirits and souls of the righteous, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

Mr. Power has given us the best proof that no prayers to saints can be found in Origen by showing that he was forced to alter Origen's words before he could get an example of the kind in his works.

What we have said all proceeds on the supposition that the words in question really were penned by Origen. But we said, in the last number, that this was extremely uncertain, the homily in which the words occur being only extant in a Latin translation of very doubtful fidelity. Mr. Power now tells us that all doubts as to the words being Origen's are removed by the authority of Du Pin.

Well, it is rather hard to expect us to receive the Roman Catholic Du Pin as infallible authority; more especially as we had produced, on the other side, Roman Catholic authority—namely, the Benedictine editors—in proof of the general character of the Latin translations of Origen. However, as Mr. Power has appealed to Du Pin, we have referred to Du Pin, and what do our readers suppose he says?

"We have none of Origen's Scholia remaining, and we have hardly any of his Homilies in Greek, and those which we have in Latin are translated by Rufinus and others with so much liberty that it is a difficult matter to discern what is Origen's own from what has been foisted in by the interpreters." He adds, in a note:—"Rufinus says this himself in the conclusion to his version of the Commentaries on the Romans, and St. Jerome, also, somewhere upbraids him with it. St. Jerome's own versions are not more exact."

Further, in his enumeration of Origen's works he reckons the Homilies on Jeremiah and Ezekiel, translated by St. Jerome. He adds—"Twelve of the Homilies on Jeremiah are also in Greek, but the translation differs very much from the Greek."

We think it incredible that Mr. Power could have quoted Du Pin as decisive in his favour, if he had ever opened the book, as he would have found him confirming every word of what we had said as to the impossibility of knowing whether a sentence in one of these Latin homilies emanated from Origen himself, or was foisted in by the interpreters. And we think that if Mr. Power is anxious to preserve a character for learning and candour, he has got a lesson now to be careful in future how he quotes a book without first looking into it.

#### WHY CAN'T THE PRIESTS PUT DOWN DISCUSSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—When last I met Jerry, he says to me, "We've had great doings in Keelvenogue lately." "What was it about?" says I. "Why," says he, "Mr. M., a great disputer, was sent down by the Catholic Defence Association, and got ten shillings a week (as I hear tell), and whatever he could make besides. So he set up lecturing, and proving that our religion was the right one, and, signs on it, the people came to him in crowds. Myself never thought they were half so eager for controversy; but then I seen that though they pertended not to care about the Protestant lectures, they *did* care about them, and felt them sorely. It vexed them to say that the priests never met the ministers, and they were delighted to hear that any one was standing up for their religion. So they went in crowds to hear him, and, sure enough, 'twas he that rattled the sixpences out of their pockets in style." "And," says I, "what did Father John think of it? He's so much against discussion that I wouldn't wonder if he was down upon Mr. M. for controverting at all." "Well," says Jerry, "I was puzzled about that myself; but, anyhow, I'll give you my interpretation of the matter. To the best of my belief, Father John would rather have no discussion at all; and he was almost as much against the Catholic disputers as against the Protestant ones; and he sent Humphrey Carey away out of the place altogether too, as I told you some time ago," because he used to be disputing. But the boys were creeping on by degrees, and getting a liking for discussion, and the Douay Bibles were going through the country, and the books on controversy were lent about, and the boys were holding discussions among themselves, and there was so much talk about it that 'twas no use trying to stifle it; for when 'twas put down in one place, it broke out in another. So, to the best of my belief, when Father John saw that it couldn't be put down by force, he thought it might quiet the boys to let them hear enough of it; so he didn't hinder Mr. M. from lecturing, or the boys from going to hear him." "But," says I, "did he favour him at all, or notice him from the altar?" "No," says he; "Father John knew a trick worth two of that. He was just civil and distant to him before the people. He didn't take any gr at notice of him, or mix himself up with him at all; but myself thinks he was patting him on the back all the time on the sly." "But," says I, "why would he carry the double faces that way?" "Well," says Jerry, "here's my interpretation of it. If Mr. M.

got on well, Father John could turn to the boys and say, 'Look, now, how easy 'tis to put them Protestants down, if 'twas worth one's while.' But if he was beat, then Father John could say, 'What call had that fellow to be discussing? He had no authority from me for his lectures, and an ignorant creature like him shouldn't meddle with such things.' "But," says I, "what reason have you for thinking that? 'tisn't fair to say it unless you have some grounds for it." "Well," says Jerry, "here's my reasons for saying it:—Father John never said a word against Mr. M. as long as he got on well; but at last a Protestant met him, and had a long discussion with him, and then he gave notice of a lecture, and sent one of the notices to Mr. M., asking him to come forward. So, when the night came, some hundreds of us went to the lecture to hear the discussion, but not a bit of Mr. M. was to be seen. Well, a lot of boys went down during the lecture for him," but he wouldn't show his nose; so they all saw that he was afraid to meet the Protestant. Well, my dear, to make a long story short, we went to chapel next Sunday as usual, and after mass Father John spoke about Mr. M., and 'twas he that gave him a tearing. He said that he had no authority from the Church for lecturing, and he warned us against going to hear him, and he told two Protestant gentlemen that the Catholic Church had no call to him at all, and in fact, he washed his hands of him altogether." "But," says I, "I heard that Mr. M. had some little things against him in regard of other matters, and maybe that was the reason Father John threw him off." "No," says Jerry, "for what you speak of happened long before the discussion, and all the town knew of it, but Father John never said a word against him then; it wasn't until he turned tail, and refused to meet the Protestant that Father John kicked him off." "Troth, then," says I, "'twas very mean of Father John; he ought to have stuck to him for better, for worse; but I suppose there's an end of him now?" "Yes," says Jerry, "so far as lecturing on discussing is concerned; but Father John hasn't seen the end of him yet, and it's he that was the angry man the other day on account of him." "How's that?" says I. "Why," says Jerry, "he went as usual to Ned Collins for his dues, and says he, 'Ned, I always found you a decent man, and its kind father for you to be that same, for all belonging to you were decent people,' and, says he, 'I'm come for my dues.' So Ned stuttered and stammered, and at last he bolted out that he hadn't the money. 'And where is it gone to?' says Father John. 'Into Mr. M.'s pockets, then,' says Ned; 'for I paid every night to hear our religion defended,' and, says he, 'I can't pay both of ye.' Well, you never seen a man so mad as Father John, and he gave Ned the length and breadth of his tongue in abuse; but he couldn't talk the money back, so he had to go away without it." "Well," says I, "if he gave the money to Mr. M., it's a clear case that he couldn't give it to Father John; it's hard to get blood out of a turnip, and it's just as hard to get money out of a man that hasn't it. But, tell me," says I, "what are the boys about?" "They're more eager than ever," says he, "about the controversy, and the other night when Mr. M. wouldn't come forward, two of the boys themselves argued with the minister, and they shook hands before they began, and after they ended, and they had the pleasantest discussion at all, and it seems to me as if the taste of controversy they got has made them more hungry for it." "Troth," says I, "that reminds me of what Billy Flinn, the sheep-stealer, said on his trial. The judge says to him—'You eternal villain,' says he, 'how dare you be after stealing the honest man's sheep; and one of them wasn't enough for you,' says he, 'but you must steal the whole lot.' 'My lord,' says Billy, 'it's the way with me, that when once I get a taste of the mutton, I can't help longing for another bite.' "By dad," says Jerry, "that's the very way it is with the boys; they've had a taste of the controversy, and they're longing for another bite, and if they aren't stealing sheep, they're stealing Bibles unknownst to Father John, and himself thinks that a worse crime than sheep stealing itself?" "And how are the people treating the Readers?" says I. "Well," says he, "I'm thinking that they're playing at hide and seek, like Father John himself: they purtind that they're greatly against them, but to the best of my belief there's many that's glad to hear them if they think they won't be seen, but every second man is a spy of the priest's, and, what's more, the very one that'll listen to the Reader to-day will tell on his neighbour to-morrow, to throw the suspicion off himself. One morning," says he, "I was going up the street, and I seen the Reader turning into Judy Murray's, where he was always well received; but when Judy saw him, she comes to the door, and, says she, 'Don't dare put your nose inside my house, you sounp drinking rascal; take to your scrapers, you bog-trotting villain, and don't be keeping the sun from my door.' Well, he tried to laugh it off, and made as if he was going in, but Judy up with a bucket of soap suds and thrown it at him, and, says she, 'Take that to clean the ugly face of ye.' So the boys all laughed and shouted, but the Reader took it very good humoured, and, says he, 'I'm looking for

something better than soap suds to cleanse me.' 'And what's that?' says she. "The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ," says he, "that cleanseth from all sin." "But Jerry," says I, "that doesn't look as if the people were so ready to listen to the Readers." "Stop," says he, "till I finish my story. The Reader was coming back about dusk, when who should he see in the door but Judy herself; and she looked up the street, and she looked down the street, and when she saw that nobody was looking, she beckoned him in, and," says she, "you must excuse me for what I done this morning, but the life is fairly worn out of me between the neighbours and the Priest, for they told him that you were often in here reading the Bible, and he warned me against you; but now," says she, "sit down there and take out the book and read for us." So he did as she bid him, and when he was going away SHE PRAYED TO GOD TO BLESS HIM." And Dan," says he,—"there's many a one in the country like Judy, that's afraid to be civil to a Reader, and still it goes against them to have to ill-treat a neighbour, just because he saw fit to change his religion; but," says he, "did you hear how Nelly Keefe came round the Priest in style." "Let the women alone for that," says I, "it's they that'll do it if it's possible to be done. But tell us about it." "Well," says he, "the Priest gave orders that no one was to deal with the soupers, nor sell them bit nor sup; so one of them that's a poor man with a large family came down to Nelly's husband to buy a few weights of praties as usual. 'I can't sell them to you,' says he, 'for I'm ordered not.' So the poor man begged him to sell the praties, as the children were without their dinner, and the creatures were roaring for the bit. 'No,' says he, 'I can't do it, for the priest's curse would be on me if I did, and then I'd be clean kilt entirely.' So the poor man was going away very sorrowful to his hungry children, when Nelly says to him—'Hand here the bag.' So he handed it to her, and she filled it with praties, and, says she, 'Be off now, and stop the children's mouths with them.' 'Murder in Irish, Nelly,' says her husband, 'what are you about at all?' sure," says he, 'we'll be ruined entirely if we go against the priest.' 'Hold your tongue, you onadawn,' says she, 'I'm not going against the priest at all; he told us not to sell to the soupers, but he didn't tell us not to give to them, and sure it's free gift I'm making him, and much good may it do him.' Well, I believe the priest got a hint that the people used to scheme on him in this way (for, to tell you the truth, it went against their hearts to be so unneighbourly and hard), so the next Sunday he gave out from the altar that they weren't either to sell or give to the soupers, even as much as a drink of cold water. So the same poor man happened to be in at Nelly's doing some job of work, and he was going away without bit or sup (for he knew the priest's orders), but Nelly has a big Irish heart of her own, and says she, 'By this and by that, you shan't leave the house without taking something.' 'Nelly,' says her husband, 'you'll be the ruin of us entirely; didn't the priest say that we weren't to give so much as a drink of cold water to a souper?' 'He did,' says Nelly, 'and I won't break his word, for none of my breed ever handed cold water to a friend, and 'tisn't I that'll begin it, but here's a jug of new milk, and drink to your heart's content; and sure,' says she, 'that's not disobeying the priest.' 'May I never,' says I, 'but them women is the mischief entirely, they'd come round the old boy himself if he wasn't wide awake.' "But, after all," says I, "maybe God was better pleased with her than if she had let him go away hungry, for you know the old saying, 'When one poor man helps another poor man God smiles.' "Yes," says Jerry, "barring that 'twas a woman done it, and not a man, but," says he, "that sort of work will never put down discussion; cursing and abuse won't do for argument, and, what's more, the boys are beginning to see it. Sure," says he, "whatever is true can be defended by argument, and the apostles weren't against argument, for they could prove their religion, and therefore they weren't afraid to have it discussed; but," says he, "I read somewhere that the heathens are always against discussion, for they know that they can't prove their religion, and it's a bad sign of our Church to be copying them; and isn't it a poor case to say that the Protestant Church thrives by discussion, and increases by argument, but our poor Church always loses so much by argument and discussion, that our priests have to stifle inquiry, or they'd soon have no church at all." "And do you think they'll be able to do it?" says I. "No, I don't," says he, "for the Scribes and Pharisees tried the same dodge long ago, when they wanted to put down our Lord's religion, and they failed; they beat the Christians, and stoned them and persecuted them; but says Gamaliel to them—'It's no use for you to be going on that way; if the work be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God you cannot overthrow it, lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God.' "Troth," says I, "that old fellow, whoever he was, hit the right nail on the head, it's a plain case that if the work be of God it's no use for men to try to overthrow it." "And so it turned out," says

Jerry, "for the Scribes and Pharisees had all to knock under in the long run, and our Lord's religion had the upper hand, and," says he, "it sometimes comes across my mind that the work those Bible readers are about may be God's work, and that that's the reason the priests can't put it down. You see plainly," says he, "that they can't stifle discussion; they can't put an end to the Bibles, and in spite of all their efforts inquiry is spreading. Doesn't that look very like," says he, "as if 't's God's work, and therefore can't be overthrown." "I allow," says I, "that 'tis very queer," and so I say again, Mr. Editor, it's very queer that with all their efforts, the priests can't put down the Bibles, and can't put an end to discussion.

Your humble servant to command,

DAN CARTHY.

## REMINISCENCES OF A SERMON ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

YOUR HONOUR,—I was in a chapel in the county of Meath, on St. Patrick's day, and I heard a thing in a sermon, and I and others wants your honour to tell us if it is in any of the old Irish histories.

Well, the priest was preaching, in course, on St. Patrick, as in duty bound; and his Reverence told us how the wild Irish heathens treated St. Patrick when he first come among them—how they cloddied him, and stoned him, and threw dirt on him; and how they beat him with sticks, and all the bad names they called him; and how they shouted after him wherever he went, and set the wee children self to say bad words at him, and put up the blackguards in the street to give him all the abuse they could: until (thinks I to myself) sure the people must have took St. Patrick for a Scripture-reader; for isn't that the very way I seen them treat the readers myself, and the priests setting them on to it.

But one day, forby all that, they took to hunting the dogs on St. Patrick—and maybe that would be done on the readers too, only it might make work for petty sessions; for sure I knew a neighbour woman of mine once that got money of a man for doing the like to her; and didn't I see the summons that told how he put Lion and Venus on her, whereby Venus bit her in the leg, and caused a great effusion of blood. But I'm coming to what his Reverence told in his sermon about St. Patrick; for when he heard the dogs on him, St. Patrick didn't run no way, but just waited quietly till they come up to him, and then St. Patrick spoke to the dogs that quiet and kind-like that the dogs stopped their yowling and came up to lick his hand. Well, that's like enough, if his Reverence had left it there; only he went on to tell us what sort of dogs they were; for his Reverence said in his sermon there wasn't a dog among them that had smooth hair, but every dog with the hair standing on end to him; and more nor that, that there wasn't a dog in Ireland at that same time but had the hair standing straight on end to him. It must have been rough terriers, or porkypines, maybe, that was in-Ireland then; but his Reverence didn't say which. But now comes the story. For when the dogs come up to lick St. Patrick's hand, the saint just put the other hand on their backs and stroked down their hair, and wherever the hand went the hair lay down smooth under it, and never riz on the one end again; and that's the reason why all the dogs in Ireland has smooth hair from that day to this! Now, if your honour will believe it, as I'm a living man, that's the sermon I heard from the priest on St. Patrick's day last come and gone. Now, I just thought I would write to your honour, and tell you about that sermon, and ask your honour just to say a word to the priests in your next paper, and tell them quietly that the people is getting past that sort of sermons, and that they needn't be making fools of the people with that kind of nonsense any longer; for it's only making fools of themselves they are by sticking to it when the people is getting past it. Sure, your honour, whether there be a Purgatory or not, the people has got souls to be saved; and wouldn't it be fitter for the priest when he stands at the altar to be talking to the people about their souls and their Saviour, than to be telling them such nonsense that only sets them wondering has he nothing better to talk about than rough dogs and smooth. Sure it's not dogs that he's preaching to, and what call has he to preach about dogs? So will your honour just try and get us something better, and if I hear more such sermons, won't I tell your honour about it again.

Your honour's servant to command,

PADDY REILEY, of Meath.

We had heard before we got Paddy Reiley's letter of the sermon preached by Father —, on St. Patrick's day last. The account we heard of the sermon exactly agreed with Paddy Reiley's. We understand that it was the general talk of the town in which it was preached, and was generally condemned by Roman Catholics as offensive alike to their common sense and their sense of religion. We hope the publication of Paddy Reiley's letter will oblige Father — to try and provide some instruction for his hearers more suitable to Christian people. We never heard the story of the rough dogs being made smooth before. We have never met it in any Life of St. Patrick. Father — seems at least to have the talent of invention, however misapplied. It is a grievous thing to a Christian mind to think of people being given up to such religious (!) teaching.

§ This scene occurred a few weeks since.  
This occurred a few weeks since.

§ I John I. 7.  
\* This occurred some months since.  
† A. to V. & B.